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## THE OLD RELIABLE!

# M. FRANKEL AND SONS

Are always in the lead with **LOWEST PRICES AND BEST GOODS.** Don't fail to call on us if you want first-class goods at rock-bottom prices. Our stock is the largest ever brought to Hopkinsville, and comprises everything in the way of

**Clothing, Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks and Valises!**

People wonder how we can sell goods so much cheaper than our competitors. It is simply this: Our Mr. Frankel is always in the market with the ready cash in his pocket, and takes advantage of bargains which is always given him by the wholesale merchants who run short of funds. Our clothing this season can not be surpassed. It is equal to any merchant tailoring goods in the country, having been made by the best merchant tailors in New York. We take advantage of the dull summer when tailors were idle, and had them make our goods at a very small expense, which enables us to give you Custom-Made Clothing at about one-half the original merchant tailoring price.

**DRY GOODS.**—Our entire stock of dry goods was purchased early, before the great prices. It was selected with great care, and lacks nothing. The low prices at which we are selling them will astonish the very closest buyers.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**—This entire line was purchased direct from the factory at jobbers' prices, we are therefore able to sell them at same prices that other merchants pay.

**HATS AND CAPS.**—This department can not be equalled in this or any other section. We have everything that is made in the Hat or Cap line—all the latest styles for men, youths, boys and children.

The largest stock of Trunks and Valises can always be found at our mammoth establishment. We ask you to call and judge for yourself how cheap they are being sold. In addition to our large and extensive retail department, we have opened an extensive WHOLESALE ROOM, where we always keep a large surplus stock for supplying country merchants. We will duplicate any Louisville, Cincinnati or Nashville prices. Country merchants would do well to call on us. Don't be led astray, but call and see what we advertise are plain facts. "The Old Reliable."

**M. FRANKEL & SONS.**

### Fall Plowing.

There is much difference in opinion as to the best time of the year in which to plow different soils. Many farmers are willing to admit that fall plowing is desirable upon heavy soils, but contend that spring plowing is best upon light soils. All are willing to grant that the tenacious character of a clay soil is reduced, and its texture opened and rendered less compact by the operation of frost. The lumps fall apart and are disintegrated by the mechanical effect of expansion, caused by the freezing of the water held between the particles. The field, which was left by the plow in a mass of lumps, is mellowed and brought into a condition, through this influence, that any amount of plowing and harrowing would have failed to bring about.

The same force which has caused the clods to fall apart, also performed a no less important, chemical work by rendering the soil more soluble, and making available the supply of plant food, which would otherwise have remained locked up.

Now, is it possible that this change can only take place in a clay soil? Different soils are formed by the varying proportions of the constituents, which go to make up a soil. If, then, a clay soil is benefited by fall plowing, is not also a clay loam? And if a clay loam is benefited, a sandy loam must be benefited in proportion to the amount of those properties therein contained, which form the chief constituents of the clay soil.

I do not claim that it is advisable to trust to fall plowing alone, for it often happens that a winter is open and wet, and the ground becomes considerably packed, so that the cultivator is hardly capable of loosening it up. In such cases it should be re-plowed in the spring, and thoroughly harrowed until in good condition for seed.

There is still another advantage in fall plowing, and that is, that it enables the farmer to get his seedling done earlier in the spring than he could have done had the plowing been left over winter. Work is more evenly divided for both teams and men, when plowing is done in the fall, while the weather is cool and no other work pressing.

Three years ago it was so wet in the fall that the farmers of this section got very little fall plowing done. The succeeding spring there was a great demand for horses and men, the supply falling far short of the demand. Many fields were plowed in the worst possible condition, while those who waited for good weather were many days late with their seedling. The yield per acre, that season, was a third less than the average. This experience was not without good, as it converted many, before indifferent, into staunch believers in fall plowing. Well plowed fields in October indicate good farm management.—*Cor. Western Farmer.*

### Fattening Swine.

It is generally conceded that there should be no stand-still period in the correct system of feeding, but that growth ought to begin with young pigs and be steadily and continuously increased until the animal is ready for the butcher's block. While everybody nearly accepts the "no stand-still" system as correct in theory, most farmers in reality keep their pigs during the summer months on very poor and meager rations, waiting until cold weather to begin feeding with a view to fattening.

Growers who practice the plan of making the most of the summer season by regular feeding testify to the decided advantage of this system. In very cold weather, unless the hogs can be well housed and kept at a temperature of about sixty degrees, what the animal eats goes to keep up the heat, and the food fails to produce the same amount of fat it would in warm weather. There remains no question but that it pays to provide warm, comfortable houses for swine during the winter season in rigorous climates.

The excessive fat gained by excessive breeding of fat-producing food is objected to by many consumers, who prefer a larger proportion of lean with the fat. The *Live Stock Journal* says on this subject that the hog is naturally a grass and root-eating animal, but in its domestication, being fed almost wholly in this country upon concentrated food, has come the habit of depositing this excess of fat. If young pigs are kept

upon food that will grow the carcasses and bones and develop a rangy frame they will, in the opinion of the authorities referred to, possess so much muscle when half-grown that a moderate length of time in fattening, even on corn, will not pile on an excessive amount of fat. Figs fattened in Canada partly upon barley, but largely upon peas—a highly nitrogenous food, yielding a large proportion of muscle—produce more lean meat than do swine fattened almost wholly upon corn—an excessively starchy and fattening food.—*N. Y. World.*

### The Way to Cook Oysters.

The oyster is eaten in a variety of styles—fried, broiled, stewed, steamed, scalloped and raw. Some people in Chicago eat them pickled. No matter, Chicago is young yet, and will learn better after a while. So wealthy and enterprising a city can not remain forever uncivilized. The best way to eat oysters is in the old-fashioned Maryland style. Shuck your oysters, and on pain of death let not a drop of water for milk touch them. Let them repose for a few moments in their own liquid, while you cut up a very small quantity of fat, new bacon, with a shred here and there of lean with it. About an ounce of bacon to a quart of oysters. It is not the best, neither is it mid-dling; good, new shoulder is the article. Put the bacon in a frying-pan and beat rapidly over a vigorously burning fire. When the bacon is done to a crisp pour in the oysters. Stew for two minutes and a half or three, no longer. Pepper to suit taste while stewing. If the oysters are good salt-water bivalves, they need no salt. Then pour out and eat, thinking God you live in a land where the art of cooking oysters properly is not wholly lost. If you eat oysters cooked in this style you will never eat them in any other if you can help it.—*Washington Republican.*

### Where's Your Gimblet?

Little Johnny Yerger has caused a breach between his DeSmiths, an Austin society gentleman, and the Yerger family. This called to make a friendly visit after supper, he having previously informed Colonel Yerger of the intended honor. The whole family and thus were in the parlor, when Johnny riveted the attention of all present by asking Gus DeSmith:

"Have you brought your gimblet with you?"

"Hush, Johnny," said Mrs. Yerger.

"Go to bed, sir," remarked Colonel Yerger.

"What do you mean, Johnny?" asked Gus.

"I don't mean nuffin'; except I heard you say you were coming up this evening to bore us all."—*Texas Siftings.*

—The *Owego (N. Y.) Gazette* says that when it was in its infancy, seventy years ago, the mails were delivered in Toga County by post riders, who rode on horseback, and that the *Gazette*, then the only newspaper published in Southern New York, was delivered to its subscribers by men who rode through the forests on horseback. The time from Owego to New York was two days and a half. Distance, one hundred and seventy miles. The coaches were drawn by four horses, which were usually changed at the end of every twelve or fourteen miles. Nine passengers were carried in a coach, and from three to six outside.

—The Secretary of the Williamsburg (N. Y.) Gas Company has received a contribution to the conscience fund from a boy who writes as follows:

"When I was a small boy I used for fun to break the glasses in your street lamps. I should have known better, and I did, but anyhow I broke them. I have since been converted to the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and his spirit tells me to pay for those panes of glass. So I most cheerfully send you five dollars, which, I think, will cover everything."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A woman at Stratford, Conn., dreamed that she saw her husband kissing a certain neighbor's wife, and she awoke and struck him across the face and broke his nose. Man is nowhere safe.—*Boston Post.*

—An English gardener says that hoeing is far better than weeding. Children, thank your stars and tell it to your father.

### Snubbing the "Girangers."

The success of the man who goes among the farmers soliciting their money for his useless wares has long been a scandal and a shame. It is not all the farmer's fault. He is like other men in most respects. Human nature is much the same, the world over. But his isolation offers fewer opportunities for consultation and for combination in self-defence. A scheme that would fall in the town merely because it would attract the attention of others, and be discussed by them while looking on, may be carried out in the privacy of the farmer's home. A hand of scoundrels covering a house in the village with a network of lightning-rods, and then bulldozing the owner into a promissory note for ten times the cost of the work, would fall merely from the casual presence of the neighbors who might chance to pass while the work was going on. Yet this transparent fraud may be successful when attempted on an unassuming and busy man who stands alone.

Legal technicalities tend to demoralize the farmer. He sees some one swindled by the combined shrewdness of two swindlers, one of whom is a lawyer, and he learns to distrust the law. Finding his name signed to a very harmful contract, he is persuaded that he has "got his foot in it," and he will pay out rather than stand for what he knows to be his rights, fearing the law. And, at all this, the self-sufficient man on the crowded streets will smile, and say the farmer ought to have more sense. And this is true. We should know more than we do. But experience is a slow school, and it is essentially the school of those who live in isolation.

But the position of the farmer offers the swindler better opportunity to escape detection. The latter may be gleaming in far-distant pastures before his little scheme has been discovered, whereas, if it had been consummated in the village, the idle loafers, the lawyers, the officers, all would have been on his track while it was yet warm.

It is the duty of the press, as well as of reading and observant farmers and others to warn everybody against the oily tongue of the peddler of clothes, carpets, linens, etc., that have escaped duty, or are bankrupt stocks, and sold for a song. The traveling vender of grafts and fruit trees is a dangerous fellow, for it takes a long time to prove his guilt. But tree-planting is a matter of so much importance to the planter, and he should be so absolutely certain of what he is doing, that it seems strange that any one should permit himself to take the risk of relying on the representations of an irresponsible stranger.

But it is useless to attempt to enumerate the wiles of the wicked. The wisdom of the serpent will be sufficient to enable him to hide his trail. An old swindle will be succeeded by a new one, and when the old is forgotten it will be revived. The only safety is in giving a wide berth to offers of sudden riches at the hands of strangers—to all offers of something for nothing—and especially to every proposition that suggests on its face any intrigue, any fraud upon the Government, or on private persons, or any gain where others must lose.—*Western Farm Journal.*

### Edible Bird's Nests.

Edible bird's nests are shipped in large quantities from Java to China and the Eastern Islands for food. The birds that build them are a species of swallow, and they are found in cliffs, caves and caverns. They are composed of a sort of mangelicious substance which the Chinese relish with gusto. It is a transparent mass like isinglass, mother-of-pearl or white horn. The stuff is made by the bird, who, when you open the hill, has large salivary glands under his tongue which supply the material. The men who hunt these nests are a daring and peculiar set. They have a goddess called Loro who is worshiped by them, and a temple at a place called Rong-kop, on the summit of a tall rock. No mortal lives here, and none pass by without raising their hands in grave salutation. It is death for any one to enter except the chief of the society of nest-pickers, who fills the office of priest. The goddess is supposed to arise from the sea and go into the temple when the season commences, and then a feast is given in her honor, music and dancing girls being in attendance. The nest-gatherers have nothing but a cloth about their loins, a knife and a

net bag at their side. When one goes to work he takes his place on a stage of two cross-bars fastened to the end of a rope, and is let down against the face of the rock. He grasps the rope with his left hand, and in his right has a rod with which he holds himself off from the rocks. Sometimes he goes down several hundred feet amid the roar of the ocean and hundreds of birds flying all around him. When he comes opposite a salangan hole (that's the name of the bird) he makes a signal, and the lowering stops. He now swings back and forth until he gets power enough to enter the hole and find a footing on the rock he has noted. If he fails, he is dashed to pieces on the rocks below. The man generally has a thin cord fastened around his body and to the rope, so that he can pull the stage in to himself again. Should this break, however, he has to make a bold leap and catch the stage. When he has got into the cavern he cuts off the nests with his knife and places them in his bag, and when it is full he returns and his place is supplied by another. This business is so exclusive that no foreigner has ever been allowed to participate in it. Some Dutch merchants once entered a cave, but they never came out alive, and the Malays have a story that the Goddess Loro "took them to her bosom." These swallows breed four times a year, each time making a new nest. The nests are plucked three times, and so only one brood is left to the birds. In the cavern of Kuang-Collong, I have heard it stated, there were three hundred and thirty thousand swallows, and from them about five hundred thousand nests are annually taken. The harvest is done in July and August, November and December, and the worst in April and May. The nests are cleaned and assorted and packed in bamboo cases of about seventy in a case. They all go to China, perhaps a few to America and Europe as curiosities; one hundred and seventy thousand pounds go to Canton alone, and about fifty bird nests make a pound. The first quality of nests cost in the cities of China twenty to thirty dollars a pound.

"How are they eaten?"

"They dissolve the nests in water or broth, and spice them highly, using them as an entree. You'll find it a dish among all the wealthy Chinese, and at all the Royal and State entertainments. Why, when General Grant made his tour of the world he was entertained on them at Canton. The Chinese think they are a great stimulant, but some German chemists say that they have no stimulating qualities, and are nothing more than the saliva of animals, neither nourishing nor stimulating, but awful sticky."—*From Interview in Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### A Donkey's Suicide.

It has always been thought that man possesses one point of superiority. If it can be so called, over the lower animals, in that he alone is capable of committing suicide. Man's sole claim to this sad privilege is now assailed from a quite unexpected quarter of the animal kingdom. The Paris *Puix* gives particulars of the suicide of a donkey which was witnessed recently by a dozen persons, who are one and all convinced that the animal's death was premeditated and intentional. The unfortunate quadruped, which was reduced to a condition of skin and bone from eating too little and working too much, managed to escape from his stables in the Rue du Chardonneret, and made for the Seine, into which he entered near the Pont d'Austerlitz. A man who happened to be giving a Newfoundland dog a bath close by, perceiving that the donkey made no effort to swim and was on the point of drowning, dispatched the dog to his assistance. Seizing the drowning animal's ear in his mouth, the Newfoundland managed to bring him to land. But to no purpose. The donkey looked round with his large, sad eyes, and quietly walked back into the water. The dog was again sent after him; but this time the donkey kicked out so vigorously that his preserver could not approach. The donkey, once beyond his depth, resigned himself to the action of the current, made no movement to sustain himself, and was speedily drowned.

—Henry Clay Thurston, of Mount Pleasant, Tex., the tallest man in America, is seven feet seven and one-half inches high, fifty-three years of age, and weighs 280 pounds.

### The Future Supply of Beef.

Some months ago a sensational article appeared in a New York paper on the future supply of beef in this country. It showed that the possible limit of beef production had been nearly reached in many of the States, and that in some of the Territories there was not sufficient forage to properly support all the cattle now within their borders. It predicted that in a near future beef would become so scarce that it would rank as a luxury that only the rich could afford. Then the same state of affairs would exist here which exists in some European countries. The common people would be obliged to give up eating beef and be content with cheaper articles of food. It certainly is likely that most kinds of food will be higher in the future than in the past, but there seems to be no probability that the price of beef will be out of proportion with other kinds of food. It is certain that the limit of beef production has not been reached in many sections of the country. The production of beef for the market has just begun to receive attention. Most of the Southern States. Till very lately cattle received only secondary consideration. As a rule only "natives" were kept, and they were often left to pick up their food as best they could. The production of forage crops was neglected, and but a small amount of corn and other grains suitable for stock food was raised. Cotton-seed was thrown into heaps and burned or left to rot. At present all this is changed. Better breeds of cattle have been introduced; more attention is given to the production of forage crops, and the cotton-seed is used for stock food.

The limit of profitable beef production has not been reached in the New England States. The introduction of the silo and the preservation of fodder-corn in the form of ensilage have enabled some farmers to double the number of cattle kept on their places. Their example will be followed by other farmers in the future. The limit of beef production has not been reached in the States where the most beef has been produced. Illinois has never contained cattle enough to eat all the stock-food it produced. Until very recently a large proportion of the straw produced has been burned, while most of the corn-fodder has been wasted. Cultivated grasses and clover have not been generally introduced into one-fourth the State. Scarcely any attention has been given to the production of turnips and other roots that do so much toward producing the beef of England. The large amount of flax-seed meal or oil-cake produced has been sent to feed herds in the old country. Till lately a large proportion of the cattle kept have been "scrubs," which gave no good return for the food they devoured. Every year more attention has been given to the improvement of cattle intended for beef, and, as a consequence, more meat is produced for an equal amount of food eaten. Every year more attention is given to saving straw and corn-fodder, and to feeding them to stock in a judicious manner. Many swamps and bogs are being drained and made to produce enormous quantities not only of valuable grass but of corn and small grains suitable for stock food. Cattle have better protection during the winter; and, as a consequence, they require less food. A more judicious system of feeding is practiced, which produces better results.

The attention that has been given to the early maturity of cattle has resulted in greatly increasing the amount of beef. A few years ago a large proportion of the bullocks designed for the market were not slaughtered till they were five or six years old. In many instances they did not sell for enough to pay for half the food they had consumed. Now most stock-raisers turn off their cattle when they are three years old, and there is a strong disposition to prepare them for the market at a still earlier age. This change in management has on some farms almost doubled the amount of beef produced. Improvements in the quality of stock, in buildings for the protection of animals, and in the manner of feeding are now going on faster than ever before, and the result will be more and better beef.—*Chicago Times.*

—George Kimball, of Charleston, Montgomery County, N. Y., has a beard eight feet in length. It has a nine-inch growth yearly.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

### PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe is about to begin a new story, which will be entitled "Orange Blossoms."

—A daughter of General Winfield Scott is the wife of a Virginia gentleman named Winfield Scott.

—The Public Library of Boston contains 422,116 bound volumes. It stands as No. 10 of the great libraries of the world.

—Henry Villard's true name is Heinrich Hilgard. He assumed "Villard" as a non de plume when he was writing Western letters to a New York paper.

—The Buffalo newspaper man who married the widow of millionaire Fargo, the express company magnate, has started a morning paper.—*Buffalo Express.*

—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says that the novels of the day lack romantic interest. Human passion has come to be synonymous with a nervous hysteria, to be photographed without grace, and by what strikes her as a dry process, which takes the victim in the middle of an emotion, as a horse is caught with all his feet in the net.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Will Carleton, the popular verso writer, is thus described by a reporter in Indianapolis, where he has been visiting: "He is nearly six feet tall, of slender build, with a bright, rather youthful face, blue eyes, aquiline nose and short whiskers, which cover only his chin. His hair, which is slightly tinged with gray, is combed smoothly back, and this combined with the somewhat clerical cut of his clothes, gives him rather the appearance of a well-to-do young minister on a vacation."

—One of the most interesting subjects discussed by the American Library Association at Buffalo was the practice of changing the original title of a book, or of giving a book more than one title. Sometimes the change is effected by fraud, or by thoughtlessness, but in either case it causes annoyance. As examples, John Habberton's "Just One Day," became, with a change of publishers, "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins; with Her Trials in the Morning, Afternoon and Evening of Just One Day." "Mrs. Foster's story, 'Kilcorran,' is enlarged to 'Lil. Fair, Fair, with Golden Hair; or, Kilcorran.'"

### HUMOROUS.

—Adele—Yes, your poem. "He loves me very dearly," is a remarkable production; but if you want those pleasant recollections to continue, don't let him see it. As for the copy sent hither, it will be carefully placed in a little basket, not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.—*Exchange.*

—"I feel so worried about Charles?" sighed Mrs. Wildhorseband. "It's getting into sure enough," said sister Kate, looking at the clock; "but I guess nothing unusual has happened." That is what frets me," replied Mrs. Wildhorseband. "I am afraid something unusual has happened to Charles."—*Detroit Post.*

—Last week the Governor of Rhode Island packed his State in a hand bag and took it down to Cape May for a holiday. This was kind of the Governor, and makes the Governor of Texas hide his diminished head when he contrasts the generous action with his own selfishness. Catch him taking his State anywhere. Bless you, it's as much as he can do to keep it at home.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Ingratulating photographer (after carefully posing little Violo): "And now you are going to be a very good little girl, and sit as still as a mouse for a few minutes. Violo (who, though but a mite, has a mighty will of her own, quickly unposing and assuming a most determined expression): "O, indeed, Mr. Man! That's all you know about it! I'm going to be as naughty as possible!"—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Cesar's mistake: "Boss, will you tell me how to make root beer?" asked a colored man of a clerk in a drug store, a day or two ago. "Yes, I will! Take a hickory stick, three gallons of water, an old hat, a quart of molasses, a paper of tacks and a pound of cayenne pepper, and boil and skim and set in a cool place." "Say dat again, boss, so I can disremember." The clerk repeated his directions and the customer brought his fist down on the counter with the exclamation: "I sees where I spilled my hull batch! I left out de tacks!"—*Boston Gazette.*



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My son, you may invent a new electric light, you may improve the telephone until it can be talked to, you may write a dozen successful books, you may save a sinking State, you may make your name famous, your house great and your memory blessed and the you will not have as big a funeral as Tom Thibbs, who never did anything in his life, except to grow less in fifty years than most boys do in ten. And he only did that because he could not help it.

Brower and Harrison Woods killed Morgan Proctor cool at Shakerstown Monday, without just provocation.

Gen. Williams.

Interior Journal.

The Philadelphia Times has a Kentucky correspondent who seems to be resurrecting and revamping all the old jokes and stories that have been told on local politicians for the last century. One of his last publications is taken from the *Sunday Argus* of several years ago, and was written by Col. E. Polk Johnson, then its editor, from an actual occurrence which we related to him. The true version is as follows: Gen. Williams was stopping at the Myers House, Stanford, before his first election as U. S. Senator, and had invited a party to his room to partake of some liquid refreshments. He had imbibed pretty liberally himself, when Capt. Tom Richards, who was bugler in his regiment during the late unpleasantness, having conceived the happy idea of serenading his old commander arrived in front of the hotel with the band. Thinking to awaken the memory of the General, he sounded the call for boots and saddles and repeated it over and again, but instead of its awakening memories, the old warrior, who had been kept ignorant of the compliment to him, turned to Colonel W. and asked, "What stage is that this time of night and what in the hell makes the driver toot so much?" The Colonel politely informed him who the tooter was and suggested that the party expected a speech from him. "H-I-I," said the General and straightening himself up he marched to the balcony above and commenced, his voice trembling with seeming emotion. I knew that bugle call the instant I heard it, and the memories of the past came crowding to my mind. Often have I heard it calling the old First Kentucky to field of carnage or exultingly sounding the note of victory. [Cheers.] I would have known it even had I heard it in the pathless wilds of the West for no man under the sun can evoke such sweet notes from a bugle as can dear old Tom Richards, the bravest and the best man that ever went to battle. Long and loud cheers followed this and the effect was electrical. Col. W. unable to keep the true inwardness of the business longer related and vouched for its correctness, though he has never succeeded in making the Capt. believe that the general could thus dissimulate. A shrewd politician or a keener demagogue than Gen. Williams would be hard to stir up, and if his ways are dark, his tricks are never vain. One of them, and he never fails to take, is to get wise acquaintance and walk around a town. This is not for the purpose of being introduced but to get his friends to tell him before reaching a crowd, who is that fellow with the beaver on? The old chap with the spectacles? Or the young rooster with the mou-tache? Then he goes up to each calls him by name, says something pleasant and it tickles the average man to death to think that the General remembers him so well. This kind of dealing has made the General exceedingly popular with masses, who are unable to see through the business, and he will always be a hard man to beat. He claims that he is as good as chosen as his own successor in the Senate but the prospects are that we will have no walk over even if his ambition is realized.

**New Firm, New Firm!**

We would invite the attention of our friends and the public to the fact that we have the cheapest and largest line of Sugar, Coffee, Molasses fine Candies and Canned Goods in the city. Also a handsome Bar room supplied with choice Wines, Cigars &c. Cool Beer and Cigars at

**Stevens & Long's.**  
Court street Postel block.

Burbridge Bros. will sell you Baled Hay cheaper than anybody in town.

Country and Canvased Hams cheap at Burbridge Bros.

Dried Beef at Burbridge Bros.

Burbridge Bros. sell all kinds of GROCERIES cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere in this city. Give us a call at the Old Rink.

New York Cream Cheese at Burbridge Bros. The finest you ever saw. TRY IT.

For genuine bargains in dress goods and trimmings go to Lipstine & Schoenfeld's.

Look at the grand display in the window at Lipstine & Schoenfeld's, of Silks, Satins and fine Laces. The largest stock in the city.

Grand Display!

Great Bargains

CLOTHING!!



OVERCOATS!

We have the Largest and Handsomest Stock of Clothing, Overcoats, Etc., ever brought to this market.

All of our goods are of the Newest and

Perfect Fit.

Remember we have on hand an elegant assortment of

SUITINGS

Which will be made to order promptly. Fits guaranteed in every instance. A

Great Reduction

will be made on all goods during the Fair.

Don't Forget

That we will give away 3 Solid Gold

WATCHES

as prizes, as follows: 1 Gold Watch value \$125; 2nd, \$100; 3rd, \$75, on and after this date until the day of the drawing, which will take place on December 25th, 1883. Every one purchasing a suit of clothes will be given a ticket entitling them to a chance. These Watches can be seen at our store, and we assure the public that every ticket holder will have a fair chance and that our Clothing will be offered at the usually

LOW PRICES.

For further information call on

**Jas. Pye & Co.,**  
OPERA BUILDING,  
Hopkinsville, Ky.

Isaac Hart's

EMPORIUM

CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR

MAGNITUDE

BEAUTY.

While visiting the Fair don't fail to see his immense stock of

Dry Goods,  
Clothing,  
Boots, Shoes,  
Hats, Caps.

MY STOCK OF  
Ladies' Dress Goods  
IS FULL AND COMPLETE.

Clothing Department

In connection with my store, where will be found the largest, best selected and cheapest stock of Clothing and

Overcoats

In the city.

Ladies' Wraps,

Consisting of Dolmans, Circulars, Etc., at

EASTERN PRICES.

ATTENTION

of the Ladies to the fact that I have engaged Miss Hayes, of New York, to assist Mrs. Hart in the

Millinery Department,

of which I am making a specialty, and you will find a choice selection of Ladies' Misses' and Children's

**Bonnets,**  
and a most elegant line of Trimmings, consisting of Ostrich Plumes of all hues and colors, the rarest of oriental Bird Sprays and Artificial Flowers. Don't fail to examine my stock, as it surpasses any ever in this market.

**ISAAC HART,**  
Main Street, Thompson Building,  
Hopkinsville, Ky.

GO SEE!

LIPSTINE & SCHOENFELD!

GRAND DISPLAY OF

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats  
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.

We mean business and will save you money. We offer no bates, but will positively sell goods cheaper than any other house in the city. Come and examine for yourselves.

**LIPSTINE & SCHOENFELD,**  
MAIN STREET.  
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

The World's Recognized Leading Exhibitions:

5 Times Larger! 100 Times More Grand!

Than any heretofore seen in the State. Itself its only parallel.

THE MIGHTY  
MAMMOTH MONARCH

And Gigantic Colossus of all Amusement Organizations paucified in  
**S. H. BARRETT & CO.'S**  
NEW UNITED MONSTER

Railroad Shows,

Oriental Circus, Egyptian Caravan,

And Universal Exposition of Living Wonders!

Positively coming and will exhibit in all its vast entirety.

**Hopkinsville, Thursday, October 11**



MASTODONIC MENAGERIE,

Comprising every known species of Wild Beasts, Rare Birds and Sea Monsters, confined in

50 Massive, Emblazoned Dens and Cages. 50

A Herd of Elephants, including the Largest and Smallest on Exhibition, 11 Performing Thoroughbred Kentucky Horses, Prof. Morris' Educated Dogs, Goats and Monkeys. Nothing like it on earth! Itself all other Exhibitions into Dwarf-like insignificance. The Biggest and Best Circus ever Organized! Employing over

100 CHAMPION PERFORMERS, 100

Led by the Great, the Only MR. ROBERT STICKNEY, the Premier of the Arena. MISS EMMA LAKE, the Greatest Living Horsewoman on Earth! 40 Equestrian Celebrities. 30 Gymnasts, Athletes and Aerialists. 20 Double Somersault Leapers. 10 Famous Funny Clowns.

5 BANDS OF MUSIC. 5

A City of Pavilions, Illuminated with Electric Chandeliers. A Free Street Parade. Golden Chariots, Triumphal Cars, Cavaliers, Demoselles, Equerries, Elephants, Camels, Ostriches, Giraffes, Blooded Horses, Ponies, and a Grand Allegorical Display, culminating a Mardi Gras Exposition, will be given on the morning of the day of Exhibition. This Grand and Imposing Spectacle is over Three Miles in Length, and the Steam Air Ship in Operation Outside.

Remember it is Free to All!

—WILL ALSO EXHIBIT AT—

Russellville.....October 10  
Henderson.....October 12  
Madisonville.....October 13

T. R. HANCOCK. W. I. FRASER.

Hancock & Fraser,

PROPRIETORS

PEOPLE'S TOBACCO WAREHOUSE

RAILROAD STREET,

Hopkinsville, - - - Kentucky.

Special Attention to Sampling and Selling Tobacco.

All Tobacco will be Insured unless otherwise instructed.

S. G. BUCKNER. JOS. C. WOOLDRIDGE.

Buckner & Wooldridge,

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MAIN ST., FIRE-PROOF TOBACCO WAREHOUSE,

—Main Street,

**HOPKINSVILLE, - - KENTUCKY.**

Special attention paid to Inspection and Sale of Tobacco. Liberal Advances made on Tobacco in store. All tobacco advanced will be insured at owners expense. All Tobacco not advanced on will be insured also at owners expense, unless we have written orders not to insure. After sold it will be held at the risk of the buyer. Sales every Wednesday.







## The Home of Daniel Webster.

Few south-shore wanderings end without a visit to Green Harbor, the former home of Daniel Webster. The bays and ledges from Sealus southward were his favorite fishing grounds when at home, and his tall figure, habited in brown linen and capped by a great hat, sitting motionless in a boat moored over some ancient ledge, was a familiar sight for years to the fishermen of the south shore. Angling was almost a passion with the statesman; often he was known to set out with his rod after a five-o'clock breakfast, and spend the whole day in fishing, ranging the coast from Gunnet to Sealus. Many boating parties are made up to sail down to Marshfield over his old course. It is usually a three-hour sail, and for nearly the whole way one has the tall tower of the Standish monument on Duxbury Hill for a landmark. By and by, rounding a point, the boat turns inland, and heads for a grove of large pines and maples, following a little creek that winds thither through marshes; the creek ends in a little cove deeply shaded by forest trees. In front is a park of thirty acres, well-shaded, green even in August, and bounded on the west by a country road. On the left is a modern villa approached by a drive which enters the park on the south, sweeps around by the house, and makes its exit on the north. This is Green Harbor, the former home of the great statesman. The present structure bears little resemblance to the long, rambling dwelling, half farmhouse, half country-seat, of Webster's day, which was totally destroyed by fire in 1878; the park, however, and farm, so much as remains, are largely as he left them. The present house, unlike the old one, is not open to visitors, and pilgrims content themselves with rambles about the farm and with visiting the statesman's tomb.

Webster's first purchase of land in Marshfield was an old homestead of 150 acres, but he kept adding farm to farm till he had an estate of nearly 1,800 acres, much of it consisting of the wide, grassy downs of the coast. The farm extended north and south from the homestead, and was bounded by the ocean on the east. The graveyard in which he was buried is out on the bare downs in sight and sound of the sea, and fully a quarter of a mile from the highway, access to it being had by a rude road through the fields. It is one of those neighborhood cemeteries common to country districts, and holds the dust of perhaps a score of the neighboring families.

A moss-grown wall of stone surrounds it on three sides, the fourth side being enclosed by a modern iron fence. The Webster plot is in the entrance, and consists of a little cluster of eight or ten tombs. A large mound of earth on the north side of the plot, surrounded by a plain marble slab, holds the dust of the statesman. The stone bears this inscription: "Daniel Webster, born January 18, 1782, died October 24, 1852. 'Lord, I believe, help Thon my unbelief.'" and beneath this an appropriate phrase from his published utterances. Other graves in the plot are those of Grace Fletcher, his first wife; Julia, his favorite daughter; Major Edward, a son who died in the Mexican war; and Colonel Fletcher Webster, the second son, who was killed at the head of his regiment in the war of the rebellion. It is a quiet, pastoral scene that one looks upon from the graves. Everywhere on the east is the sea, on the south are fields and farmhouses with Duxbury hills in the distance, and north and west downs and pastures, with the spire of Marshfield village two miles away peeping over the trees. One can partly understand why a great spirit should choose it above all others for his last resting-place.—*Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

## Bundle-Wrapping.

To do up a bundle properly seems like a very simple and easy thing to do, yet it is not every one who can do it properly. Bundle-wrapping has become one of the important features of many large businesses, and boys are especially trained for that work. This part of a heavy business has become an item of considerable expense. Not only have the salaries of the young men to be paid, but the paper and time used foot up to a large figure, and in this city of high rents even the space occupied by the bundle wrappers is an item worthy of consideration.

In a large retail store the young man who manipulates the paper and twine earns his money. He must be able to work very rapidly, and to do up his bundles in the strongest and neatest possible manner. To do this, when the goods are laid before him, he must be able to decide instantly the kind of twine and the size and quality of paper which should be used. No person, be he gentleman or lady, likes to carry a parcel insecurely tied, or awkwardly done up. So much skill is required in this line that boys are specially trained for it. When placed in the wrapping department, if they show an adaptability for the business, they are kept there, but only a small percentage of those who are only placed on trial are kept there. They may be very smart at other things, but in doing up bundles they are not a success.

There are some lines of goods which are difficult to do up securely and neatly. In a music store in a large eastern city, where forty clerks were employed, there was only one of them who could properly do up a violin. Books which are sent by mail or in paper bundles require a great deal of care in being done up. In order that the string may not cut the edges, or that their corners may not be broken by their being tossed about. In grocery stores very little care is used, and no style whatever is observed. This may be because it is thought that a man who carries home his own groceries is not very apt to be very particular about the manner in which his bundles are done up. But many an unlucky fellow, whose arms were loaded up with parcels, has sighed to find his sugar leaking out of a paper bag, or his eggs dropping out by one on the sidewalk. Provision stores also do up their goods carelessly, and one has hard work to carry home a bundle of meat without soiling his fingers and his clothing.

Not exactly under the head of bundle-wrapping, but nearly akin to it, comes the doing up of newspapers for the mail. The magazines and many large daily and weekly newspapers use the best

brown paper for this purpose, but most of the smaller publications are content to use fragments of newspapers, clippings, and the like. A machine has been invented for folding newspapers, but they have all to be wrapped for the mail by hand. Young men who are employed for this business acquire wonderful proficiency, and can do up several hundred papers in an hour.

From the foregoing facts it will be seen that bundle-wrapping forms quite an extensive industry, and in large cities affords employment to a large number of persons.—*Kansas City Star.*

## Felling the Pine.

The road through the underbrush winds perhaps to a mile and a half away from the river's bank into the thicker woods where the white pine attains its greatest altitude and diameter. This is no pigmy forest, like those of our Eastern States, into which the Michigan lumberman first enters, but a magnificent area of pines, thirty or forty to the acre, two feet in diameter, usually straight as a plumb line and with their evergreen crest a clear hundred feet above the ground. Working in gangs of two or three, the log men approach one of these forest giants. With skilled eyes they scan it, detecting instantly the least variation from the perpendicular or any inequality of weight in the branches, the lowest of which is seventy feet in air. Next one of the gang with the axe cuts a small gash, may be three inches deep, in the side. Then two, working a cross-cut saw, assault the sylvan monarch on the side opposite the gash. If the tree "blows" the saw, as happens but rarely, a wedge driven in the cut gives relief, and presently the huge tree topples and falls to a nicety in the direction desired. The comparatively small branches are trimmed away and the trunk cut by the saw to the requisite lengths. If long timber is needed, it is severed perhaps twice, but usually the lengths run from ten to fifteen feet, and rarely or never are they cut above the point where the trunk narrows to ten inches diameter. Then comes the hardest labor of all. Reaching into the forest is a long double row of "skids," a sort of log railroad with one end terminated by the roadway, the other ending in two tree trunks tapering to their smaller extremities so that the logs may be rolled upon them more easily. Seizing the great log with his "pevy," a stout handle ending in a pike and fitted at the side with a sharp bent hook that looks like the half of an ice dealer's tong—the lumberman hoists the log on the skid, and rapidly rolls it over to the main roadway. Thence the stout horses, with ropes and nippers, fasten on to the end, and the log is drawn to the river bank, where, branded half-a-dozen times at the end with marks of the owners, it is either dragged on the ice or left on the bank to be rolled in the water later for its spring voyage. This prompt and easy transportation of the log to the river bank is of the first importance in profitable lumbering. Usually after a deep snow-fall it is facilitated by an ingenious expedient: A tank, some fifteen feet long, four feet deep, and five feet wide, is built and mounted on runners. Just as the sun goes down and the cold approaches, the tank is filled with river water, a series of plugs withdrawn, and the cistern is pulled slowly over the mile-long roadway. Next morning where before was obstructive snow is a broad pathway of solid ice, over which the logs can be drawn at a trot as easily as upon the frozen surface of a lake.—*Michigan Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

## Copper-Roofing.

The *Scientific American* mentions the decline in the price of copper as likely to lead to the use of that metal in building. At present the material for a copper roof costs, at the outset, only about twice as much as tin, and as the latter must be repaired and painted about once in three years, and in fifteen or twenty years must be renewed altogether, the copper, which never needs painting, and is practically indestructible, is much the cheaper material in the end. There are in Boston many copper roofs, put on about forty years ago, which show no signs of deterioration; and the metal is still much employed in the city for cornices, gutters, and rain-water pipes, as well as for covering bay-windows, and in many other ways, in place of galvanized iron, which is much inferior in beauty and durability, and not very much cheaper. The copper has the additional advantage of needing no paint, so that the delicate lines of artistic work are in no danger of being filled up, and the metal increases rather than diminishes in beauty, by the slow formation of a bluish-green patina over it. For flashings, as well as other portions of roof-work, copper is much superior to zinc or tin, and with the aid of a certain amount of lead, the most difficult problems in roofing can be successfully and permanently solved.—*American Architect.*

## It Was After That.

On a train coming up from Philadelphia, the other day, a New Yorker shared his seat with a stranger who proved to be an ex-County Treasurer from Ohio. After some little conversation the citizen inquired: "So you were a County Treasurer, eh?" "I was," "What was the amount of your delinquency?" "My books balanced to a cent; sir!" was the indignant reply. "Ah!" growled the New Yorker in a disappointed voice, and it must have been easy to see from his looks that he was deeply chagrined. The stranger doubtless felt sorry for him, and after a few minutes of painful silence remarked: "But I subsequently acted as postmaster and cheated the Government out of \$7,000!" "Oh! you did!" chuckled the New Yorker, and a feeling of quiet satisfaction at once rested upon his face, and friendly relations were again established.—*Wall Street News.*

A hole has been discovered about five miles southeast of Fisher's Island, Conn., with only eighteen fathoms of water around it, which has in the center a depth of ninety fathoms.—*Barford Post.*

## A Conquered Squatter.

A well known engineer, while engaged in the survey of a railroad line through a wild and sparsely inhabited part of Arkansas, left the camp one day to make, as he termed it, a social call on the natives. He suddenly ran upon a small "clearing" near the center of which stood an unpicturesque habitation of "dumb" and log. A raw-boned man emerged from a patch of yellow bladed corn and exclaimed: "Hello there!"

"Good morning," said the engineer, advancing. As I happen to be transacting penmanship business through your community, I thought I'd call around and see you."

The squatter looked at the engineer critically for a moment and replied: "I had 'lowed ter keep the peace as I was bound over by the Simmon boys, but I reckon I'll have to break over, fur I don't see no other chance."

"I don't understand you," "I reckon not, but turn about is fair play, fur I don't understand you. Ef my boys waster hear you they'd be wild afore night, an' we'd hater blow the horn when we wanted to see 'em. 'Peretatie,' and he began to roll up his sleeves.

"I meant no insult by the word, sir, and used it thoughtlessly."

"Yes, I reckon so, but it won't do to let a feller go on that way."

"What do you intend to do?" "Fight yer?"

"What for?"

"Partly because I don't like yer shape, partly 'cause you come aroun here like a travellin' school-house, an' partly because I want ter keep my han' in. I jined had no jennywine exercise sence I jined the church an' laid by co'n."

"Well, if you must fight," replied the engineer, "I am with you. Come on."

The two men "pranced" around each other for a few moments, and began pugilistic dodges and devious.

The squatter possessed the old time knock-down theory, from which the science of boxing evolved, but the engineer was a man with all the modern appliances. About the first thing the squatter realized after the engagement opened was a sudden jar, a giddiness about the head and a fall without having made any special selection as to the place. He quickly regained his feet, but as quickly went down again.

"Hole on," he said. "Ain't that some mistake here?"

"I don't know," replied the engineer. "Look around, and if you discover an error, we'll endeavor to correct it."

The squatter approached again, but was again knocked down. "Say, blamed if things ain't gittin' sorter tiresome ter me."

"You'd better rest awhile."

"Look here, ain't yer one o' them fellows what they read about?"

"Well, not particularly."

"I'll be yer air. Come in this house," and they entered the cabin.

"Wife, this is the boss. Set down, sah. Come here, Tiddy, an' see the cap'n. What's the boys'?" Out, yer say? Wall, they're missin' a treat. Look un'er the house, Moll, an' see of some o' the boys ain't there. Cap'n, here's some real lieker. Help yersef."

—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## Fishing.

Fishing was a far more earlier mode of supporting human life than agriculture. However far back in the stream of terrestrial events we may suppose it allowable to carry the date of man's appearance on the scene, still he must have been preceded by fish. The rivers, lakes and seas, when he first looked upon them, must have been peopled very much as they are this day. There was as great a variety of species, and probably much the same infinitude of individuals in some of those species. And as a savage population must be always sparse, and in any locality few in number, their supply of food from this source could only have been limited by their inability to capture it. What the wild game of the forest and of the open plains were to the inland hunting tribes, the fish of the fresh and of the salt water were to the riverine and the maritime tribes. Between these early days and the first beginnings of agriculture vast periods of time must have elapsed. First, because in these, and more or less in all latitudes, nature offered to man no plant that in its unimproved state was worth cultivating. The suitable form had to be evolved or created by long processes of observation and selection. This is why we know nothing of the beans or maize, and why the tropical bread-fruit, plantain, banana and sugarcane have lost the power of producing seed, and so of reproducing themselves this must have been a result of long ages of human selection. Nothing of the kind had to be done for fish. There it was as fit for human food on the first day man stood on the river bank or the sea-shore as it is at this day. Agriculture also required implements to clear and stir the ground and to gather in the crops with, and these implements we know were the result of a long series of discoveries, improvements, and advances. Primal man, therefore, as we now read his history, could not have lived by or known anything of agriculture. Nor could he have lived by wild fruits, for they are not continuous throughout the year. They have their season, and that a brief one. He must then have lived by hunting and fishing; and of the two fishing would be the most continuous and unfailing throughout the changing seasons, the most valuable of all qualities for those ill-supplied times. It would not be more difficult to hook and spear, and net, and trap fish, and to gather mollusks from the rocks and sandbanks, than to trap or piece with arrows wild game. Our immediate comparison, however, is with agriculture; and may be sure that not in it were the foundations of society laid, but in hunting and fishing, and that of these two, as the great carnivores at first had possession of the forest and the plain against intruding man, fishing was the main primal occupation and means of subsistence.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—A cat that had been carried in a bag from Rome, Ga., to a new house five miles away over a country it had never seen, returned home in twenty-four hours.

An old frame house in Winthrop, Mo., built 144 years ago, was moved half a mile recently without even cracking the plastering.

A book agent named Joe Smyrk, was put out and hurt by a jerk, He says as he enure, St. Jacobs Oil is sure, At all times to get in its work.

A lightning-rod man in St. Paul, From a house had a serious fall, Though bettered and bruised, He said, when he used St. Jacobs Oil—"It timely heals all."

"PAPA, please tell me the story of the new comet," said Mary to her father last evening. "I can not, my dear," replied Mr. Hattler, "there is no talk to it yet."—*Boston Courier.*

MARION, MASS.—Dr. N. S. Ruggles says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valued tonic for enriching the blood and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."

The high-school girl condemns the phrase "dumb to the racket" as a vile slang. She says "precipitate in the direction of the elbow" is a more elegant expression.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Golden Medical Discovery" has been used with almost universal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night-sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

In a Cincinnati store a piano is marked "Achern, 1761." And the music blunged from some places sound like that evolved from a church of the 17th pattern.—*Norristown Herald.*

Huntsville, Ala.—Dr. J. T. Ridley says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is a good appetizer and merits attention from sufferers."

It is not right to make game of a man out of season.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

ELY'S CREAM BALM is doing wonders. I advise sufferers from Catarrh to try other remedies aside. I believe it is the only remedy that will cure this terrible disease, from which I have suffered twenty years. CHARLES GAMBRIANT, Butler in Boots and Shoes, 835 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

The coins paid for beer are the bar-nicks of society.—*Marathon Independent.*

"Men must work and women weep, So run the world away." But they need not weep to much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

The anti-vivisectionists argue that it hurts an ox to open its shell with a knife. Minutely and good taste suggest that the ox should be roasted in tin foil.—*N. O. Picayune.*

ELY'S CREAM BALM cured me of Catarrh of many years' standing—restored my sense of smell. For colic in the head it works like magic. B. H. HARRISON, National State Bank, Elizabeth, N. J.

Rule for church fair over or supper—Twice one is slow.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and, as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen out. It does not in any manner affect the health, while Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITCHFIELD, New York.

A good brick will absorb about a quart of water, but "a regular brick" isn't that kind of a fellow.—*N. Y. Advertiser.*

The best cure for disease of the nerves, brain and muscles, is Brown's Iron Bitters. WAITING a wrong is the forgetful work.—*New York Express.*

Long, long, gripping, sickening pills are not the best remedy for Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

Way don't use St. Patrick's Balm Try It. Use It. Use it all druggists.

LOOK OUT FOR PHASE! The genuine "Honey on Corns" is made only by Dr. W. E. Proprietor of "Rozonum Balm," and has laughing face of a man on label. 15c and 25c bottles.

Stevens' Sulphur Soap Is a relief to means of eradicating local diseases of the skin. Hal's Hair and Whisker Bye, 5c.

Don't Die in the House. "Bought on Kals," clears out rashes, rashes, rashes, bed-bugs, etc.

It afflicted with Fore Eyes, we Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it, 5c.

Skinny Men. "Well's Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

Reckless! Reckless! Reckless! With wonderful success in all cases of skin disease. Try it.

Stinging, Irritation, Itch, Glands and Bladder Complaints, cured by "Bichu-Palpa," 5c.

STRAIGHTEN your old boots and shoes with Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffener, and wear them again. Sold by shoe and hardware dealers.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and All Other BODILY PAINS and ACHES. Sold every where. Complete directions in English and German. Directions in all Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., Chemists and Manufacturers, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

PORTABLE & STATIONARY Steam Engines and STRAIN PUMPS, smaller sizes adapted for Farm and Plantation Use. \$200 We make no sizes, capacity from 2 to 5,000 H.P. See our list of engines in our New York office, 100 Nassau St., N.Y. City, N.Y. Also our list of engines in our New York office, 100 Nassau St., N.Y. City, N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knife and Pen Case ever invented. Will sell in 10 minutes. It will also cut a great variety of things for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms in the "Terrible" Knitting Machine Co., 100 Nassau St., New York, N.Y.

\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day of home easily made. Write for full particulars. Address: True & Co., Augusta, Me.

OPIMUM and WHISKY HABITS cured by Dr. J. C. WOODLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

## ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

### On The Chickahominy.

Under date of May 3, 1862, Col. S. F. TARRANT, of Dover, N. H., sends us the following: "While on duty in the Army of the Potomac I was the witness of the Chickahominy I contracted a complication of disease that entailed in spinal trouble, paralysis on one side, and severe disease of the kidneys and bladder, and great general weakness. For a long time I was under the treatment of the best physicians, and tried many of the so-called remedies, but received no permanent benefit. When I was in the drug business in Boston I heard favorable accounts of the efficacy of Hunt's Balm for diseases of the kidneys and primary organs, and having decided to give it a trial, I purchased some at Wingate's drug store, Dover, N. H., and have received great relief from using it. To-day my pains in my back are removed, and I am able to sleep soundly and obtain rest at night—which for so long a time I could not do, and the weakness in the urinary organs has been relieved, and I greatly regret that I did not test the great merits of Hunt's Balm when I was first taken sick, as I am confident it would have saved me from several years of suffering, and I am more strongly convinced of this after hearing of the most remarkable cures effected by Hunt's Balm in cases of Bright's Disease here in our midst. I have altered the patient had been pronounced incurable by celebrated physicians."

Mr. Tibbels is a retired druggist, formerly located in Boston, and is a thoroughly reliable citizen.—*Con. Ed.*

### U. S. POSTAL SERVICE.

H. S. Whitley, assistant postmaster, Putnam, Conn., writes May 3, 1885: "I have used Hunt's Balm for the best results. I have suffered untold agony for eighteen months with kidney and liver complaint; my water was very bad, at times I actually passed blood. This was followed by general prostration. My back requiring me to be on my feet most of the time made my case worse. I was advised to use Hunt's Balm by a friend who had been cured by it, and can truly say that it has benefited me more than all the other remedies I have used. I consider it the best medicine for kidney and liver troubles, and cheerfully recommend it to all."

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